

An ODE
MADE ON THE
WELCOME NEWS
OF
The safe *Arrival* and kind *Reception*
OF THE
Scottish Collony
AT
Darien in America.

NOW is the time for *Thanks* and *Praise*;
Now is the time, when ev'ry *Tongue*
Should echo forth a joyful *Song*:

When *Scotland* with joint *Notes* should raise
To *HEAV'N* glad *Consorts* of *Harmonious Lays*.

I.
Consider *SCOT'S*, how much ye owe
to *Heaven's Protecting Pow'r* above;
what mighty *Tributes* of your *Love*,
And *Grateful Service* should ye show!
How lowly *Worship Him* on Earth below!

II.
Who by *His Divine Pow'r* does guide
the infant weakness of your *State*,
and shows that *He* will make ye *Great*;
Provided ye in's *Fear* abide,
And from your *Necks* shake every *yoak* beside.

III.
It's *He* alone, that can *Chastise*
our *Sins*; and it is *He* alone
that can our *Blemishes Attone*;
Whose awful *Noe* doth shake the *Skies*,
And all the quaking *World* terrifies.

IV.
His Gracious over-ruling Sway
sent out a gentle *prosp'rous Breeze*,
to sweep our *Navy* o're the *Seas*.
In *Three Moons* they travers'd their way,
And safely *Rode* in their intended *Bay*.

VI.

He sooth'd the *Natives* savage Breasts,
 and thaw'd them to *Humanity*
 almost like *Christian Charity*;
 Theywhom they dreaded worse than *Beasts*,
 Joyn all as *Brethren* in their *Jovial Feasts*.

VII.

Their *Land* they freely did *Resign*,
 and all the *Treasures* of their *Soil*,
 and frankly bear a share i' th' *Toil*,
 To carry on the *Great Design*,
 And, for their *Common Intrest*, both *Combine*.

VIII.

He safely did conduct again,
 the welcome, much desir'd *Express*,
 confirming our *Great Happiness*:
 He smooth'd the rageing of the *Main*,
 And made it like a level *Bowling Plain*.

IX.

The *Countrey* now will be at ease,
 the tender *Mothers* will no more
 their Sons *Uncertain Fate* deplore;
 And *Indian Gold* shall soon release
 * Poverty The Nation from its *Tempral* * *Grand Disease*.

X.

No swarms of *Beggars* shall annoy,
 no *Vagabounds* corrupt our *Wealth*;
 but every Man that enjoys *Health*,
 His frugal *Countrey* shall imploy
 T'increase our *Store*, & crown our *lasting Joy*.

XI.

Let the *Fourth* of *November* stand
 a lasting *Feast-day* on *Record*
 as *Birth-day* of our *Sovereign Lord*,
 And that on which our *Darling Band*
 First set their *Foot* on *Caledonia's Land*.

XII.

May the first *Week* of that *Month* be
 as lucky to us ever more,
 as it has been in times before,
 In bringing forth our *Liberty*
 From *Powder-plots* and *Arbitrary Tyranny*.